



MOENCH

GULACY

PALMIOTTI

#6

SHANG CHI: MASTER OF KUNG FU™

PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT



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\$2.99 US \$4.75 CAN



DIRECT EDITION

Moving Shadow,
you know who I am.

You
know...that
I am your
brother.

...nothing
but the **target**
our father has
assigned.

And just as our
father **disowned**
you, Shang-Chi, so
do I disown you.

To me, you are
nothing but prey,
an unworthy life to
be ended...

No,
my brother, I
am our blood's
only hope...

...here to
cleanse it -- by
stopping the **evil**
our father has
spawned.

Now --
bring it
on.

THE
AP
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S
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Part 6: **The Devil's Son**

DOUG
MOENCH
writer

PAUL
GILACU
pencils

JIMMY
PALMIOTTI
inker

PAUL
MOLINS
colors

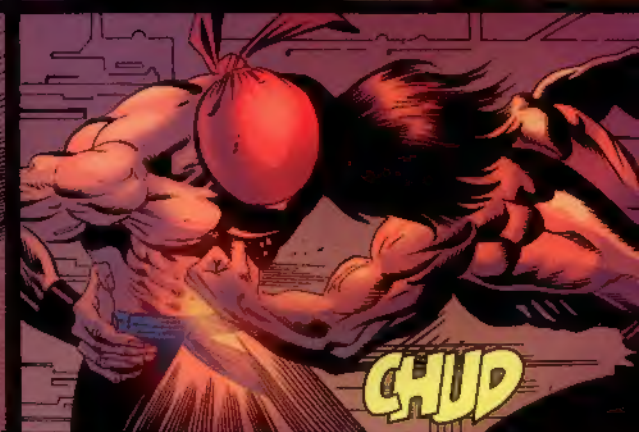
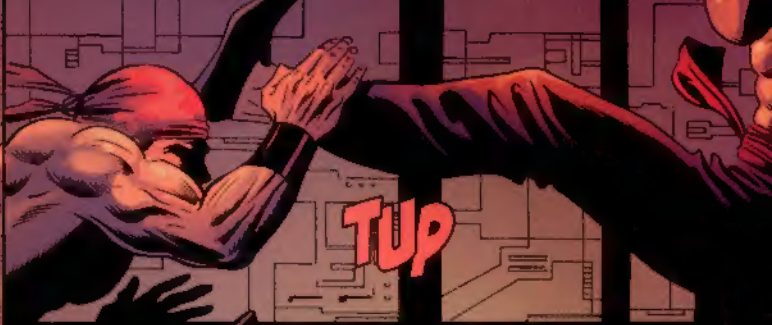
COMICRAFT
RICHMOND
colors

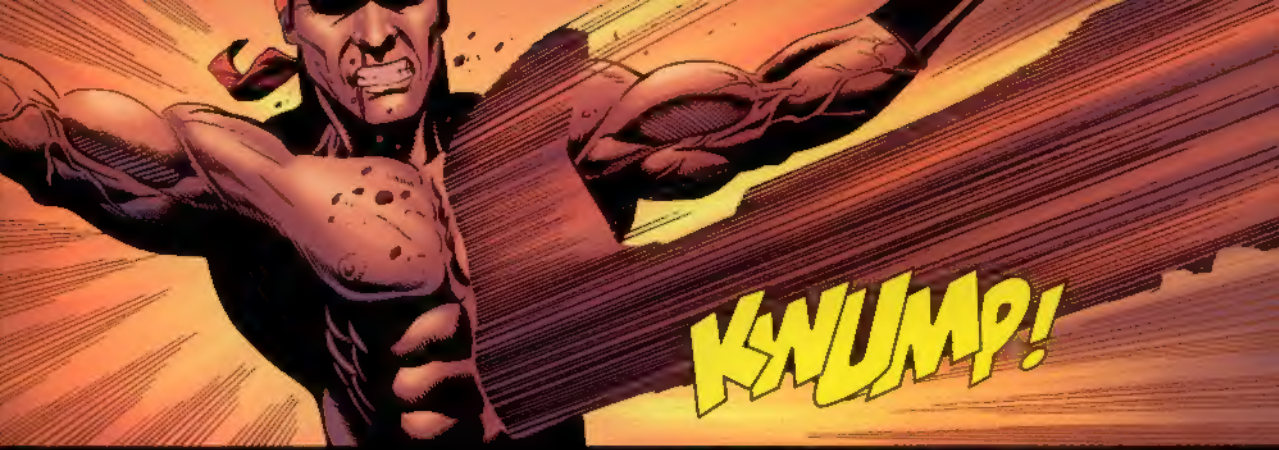
NARREN
SIMONS
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assistant editors

AXEL
ALONSO
editor

JOE
QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL
JEMAS
president





And with me,
the experiment
succeeded.

I am
everything
you are *not*,
Shang-Chi,
everything
our father
wanted.

And nothing...but
an assassin.

The *best*
assassin.

Younger
than you.

SHOKK

Faster.

SHUMP

THRAXX

Stronger.

I am a
perfectly
obedient
son...

...serving
his father's
perfect
will.







Ultimate power is *ours*.



The final component from the Hong Kong shipment has been *installed*, giving Hellfire *global reach*.

Then carry out the Ghost's command *at once*.

Programming target coordinates *now* -- for the full and complete destruction of *London*.



Reston, Wu -- you *heard* that?

We *heard*, Tarr.

No more time to *wait* -- not with the countdown *begun*.



Only *three* of us, to save a whole bloody *city* -- an' the only way is to destroy that whole bloody *Hellfire array*.



Ready whenever you are.

Now's good for me.

Awright then, on the count of--



CHUKT

Ahh!



Spetz!
What the
hell are
you --



Shut the fuck up,
Reston! I gave you and your wife
a *fair chance* to jump old man
Tarr's sinking ship!

I also
posted the price
of getting in *my*
team's way, and
it's time to--

No.



With all respect,
Commander Spetz,
this is *insane*.

Respect, Stone?
I call that fucking
insubordination.

It's
time to merge
forces and work
together, sir,
not--



FWAK



SNOKK



Get up,
Spetz, and drop
the volume before
they *hear* us.

We got
no margin
for your bloody
crap -- not with
London on
the line.



The job's *mine*, old man, and you're *retired*! Six feet under the cold fucking--



BRAKAKAKAKAKAKAK



They *heard* us! Grab cover and let it *rip*!

This way!



So much for your *Omega Team*, Stone...

...but we got room for one more on *ours*!

As they say, Commander Tarr -- any port in a shitstorm!



You have been *brainwashed*, Moving Shadow!

CHUP



Your mind was *stolen* the moment you were *born*...



...its thoughts controlled and corrupted by a *demon*!



No! My mind is *pure* and *strong*!

SKUP



HWUKK

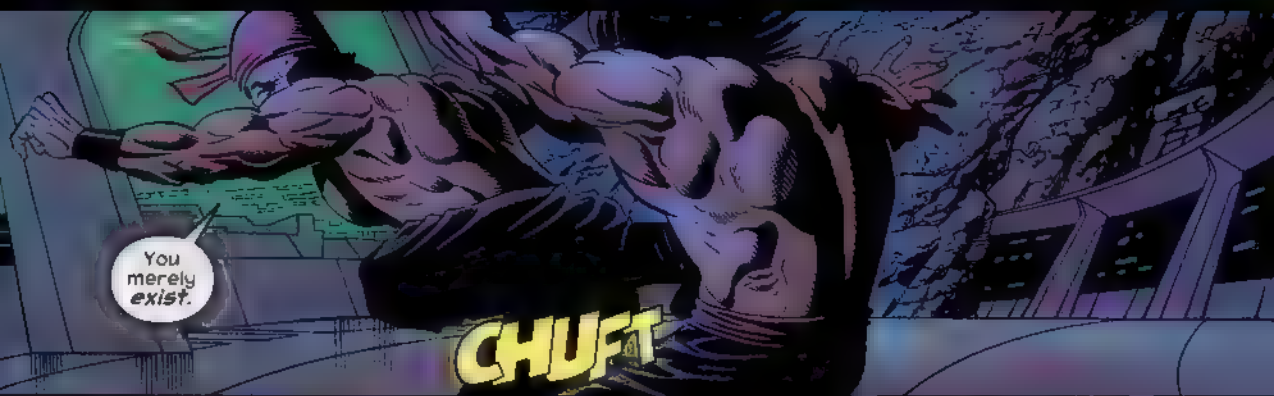


I am the future's promise, while you are the failed past! You are dead, Shang-Chi -- dead and done!



And yet I still stand... I still live.

You do not.



You merely exist.

CHUFT



And to you, life is no more than something to kill!

FRAKX



SHUKT



If you are **faster**, your moves are those of a lifeless **shadow** -- your skill the empty darkness of a soulless **assassin**.



Your spirit has **fallen** and advances **nowhere** -- but through its love for life, my spirit still **rises**.



And under **your shadow** --



-- it will **never fall**.





All down in *here*--but still more out *there*.

Plenty more, Tarr--all armed to the *teeth*.

And brainwashed to the *core*--ready to spill their last drop of blood over that *Hellfire* weapon...



You altered *our* mission, Commander Spetz, until it was about beating Black Jack Tarr rather than stopping the *Ghost*.

F-Fuck you, Stone...



No, Commander Spetz, fuck you. You're *dying*, sir, and it's your own fault. You had to prove *yours* was the bigger dick, even at the cost of cutting it off.

Nailing top slot in MI-6 became more important than saving the world. As a result, your Omega Team finishes dead *last*--and just plain *dead*.



You can bank on that in *hell*, sir--along with one *other* certainty--



This mission, Commander Spetz--the *real* mission, not yours--*will* not fail.



Outta time with no options, but we gotta do *somethin'* before--

You get me out to that Hellfire control station, Commander Tarr, and I *know* what to do.



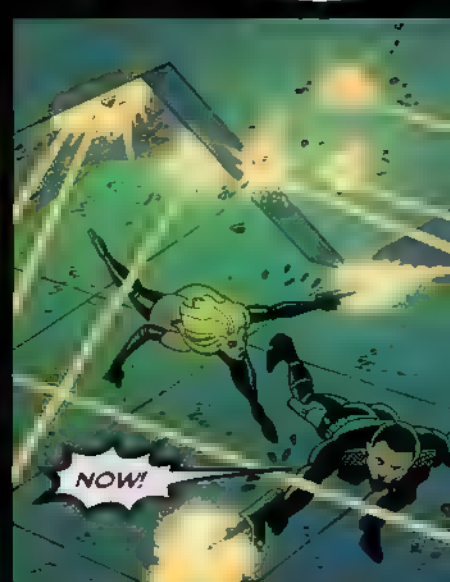
Gonna be *fast an' hot*, Stone--and a lot hotter once we get there.



I'm cold as ice, sir.

Then you're *on*.

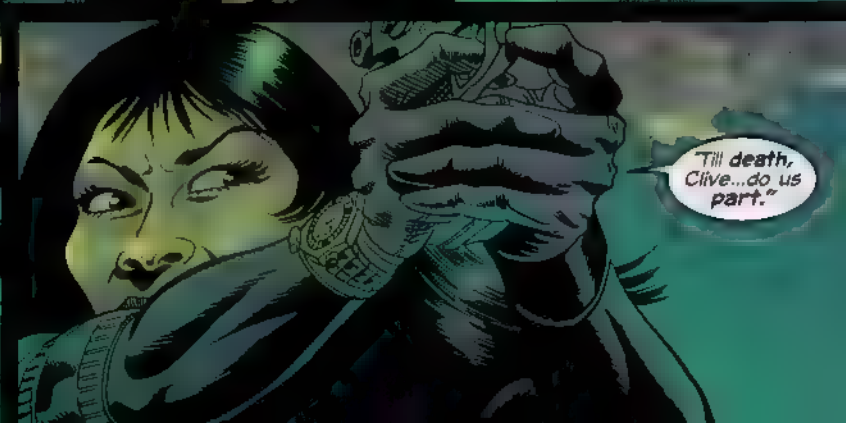
Reston an' Wu, you cover the smoke from our *bottoms*.



NOW!



Keep it up, Leiko! *Faster!* More, more, *more!*



Till death, Clive...do us part."

Listen
to me, Moving
Shadow--the fight
is not between
us.
Get up
and *join* me,
brother. Return
to *life*.
I
will *not*
kill.

But I
will.

CHUFT

You...

You
took his
life.

The same
undeserving life
I *gave*.

Your own
son.

A bastard
even more
shameful than
you.

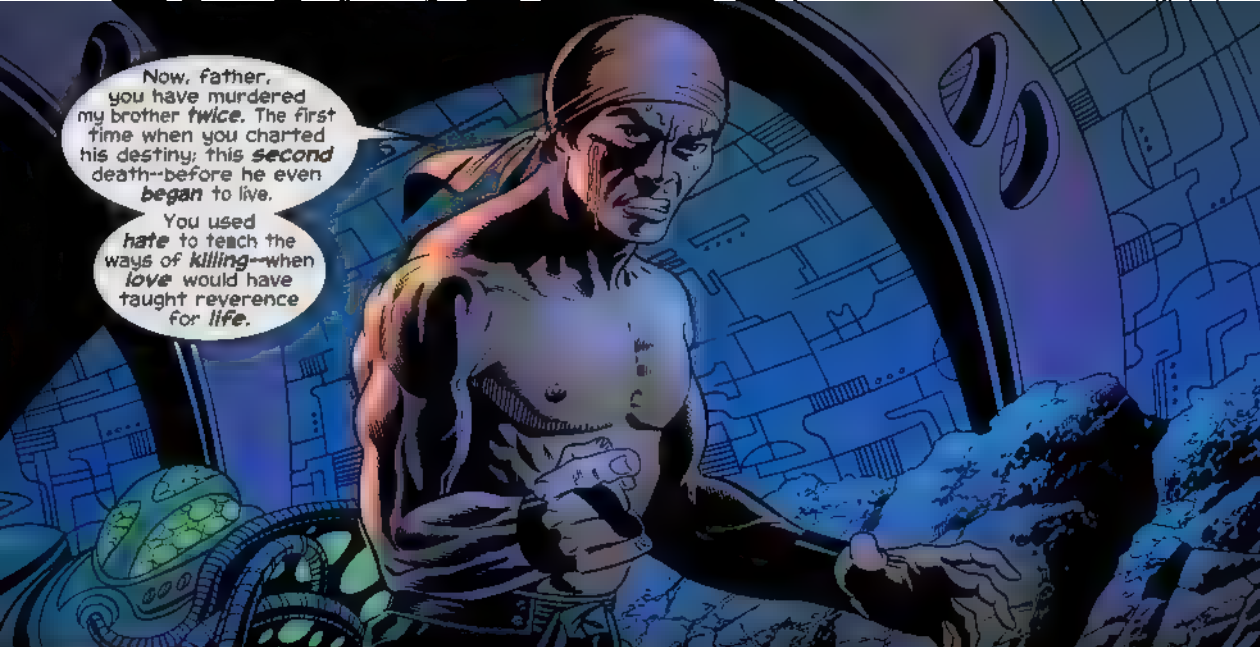
Worse than
a *traitor*.

A son
who *obeyed*...
but *failed*.

You
gave him *no*
choice.

Just as
you attempted
to darken my heart,
you succeeded
with *his*.

Then let
his ripped
heart bleed
black.



Now, father, you have murdered my brother *twice*. The first time when you charted his destiny; this *second* death--before he even began to live.

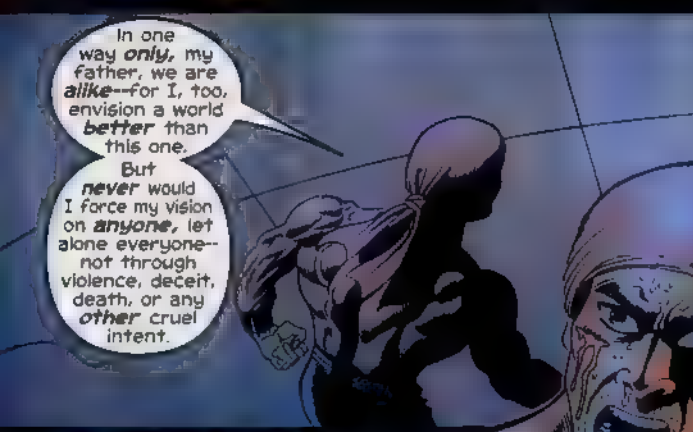
You used *hate* to teach the ways of *killing*--when *love* would have taught reverence for life.



You smothered his unborn spirit with your corrupt will--and now you would kill *millions more* by forcing that same will on the *entire world*.



To *change* the world, millions *must* die--their blood painting my superior vision of a new *Golden Age*.

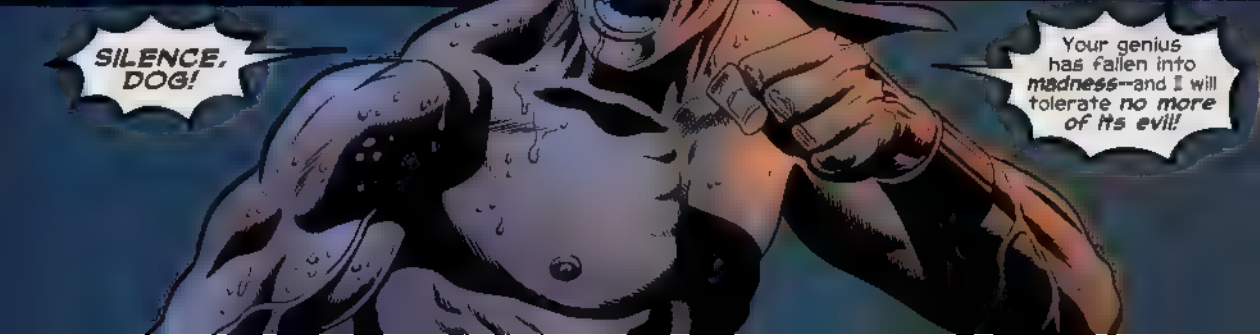


In one way *only*, my father, we are *alike*--for I, too, envision a world *better* than this one.

But *never* would I force my vision on *anyone*, let alone everyone--not through violence, deceit, death, or any other cruel intent.

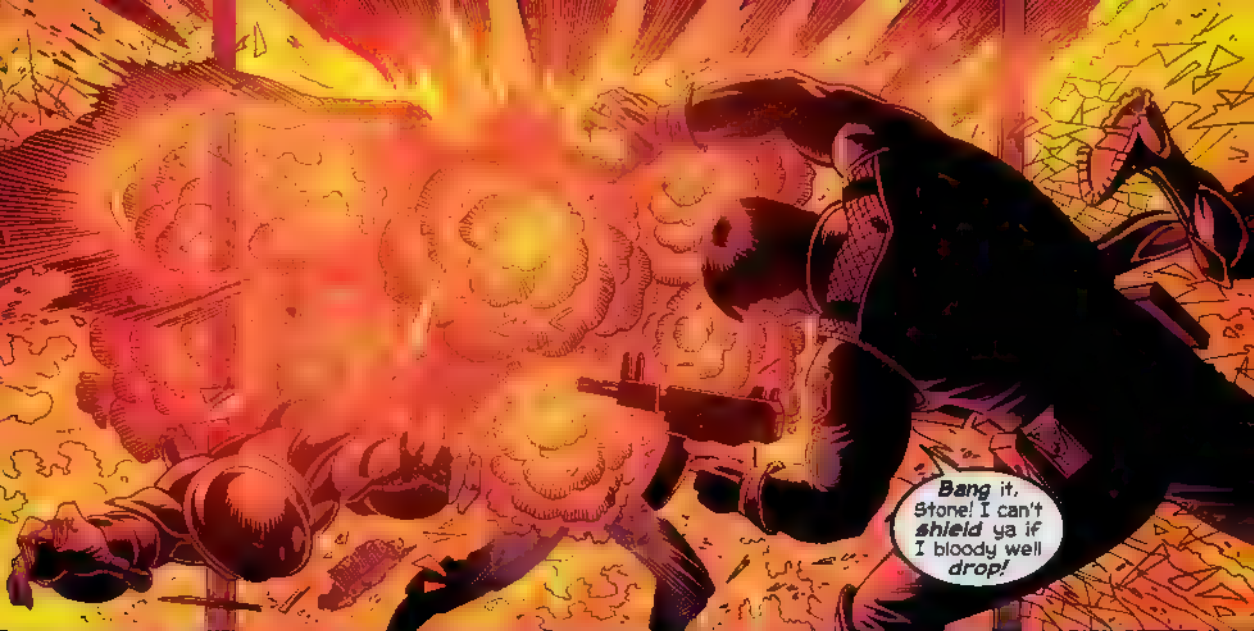


Because you are *weak*, Shang-Chi, and because you have *always* been--



SILENCE, DOG!

Your genius has fallen into *madness*--and I will tolerate no more of its *evil*!



Bang it, Stone! I can't shield ya if I bloody well drop!



Done, Commander Tarr, and we're out of here...



Fast!

BAMBAM
BAMBAM

You stopped it?

Too late to stop-scalar ionization too far along-but I did change the target coordinates.

Huh--?!





Soon
Shang-Chi,
perhaps in mere
minutes... ...all of
London will
sprawl in *ruins--*
with no help
from you.

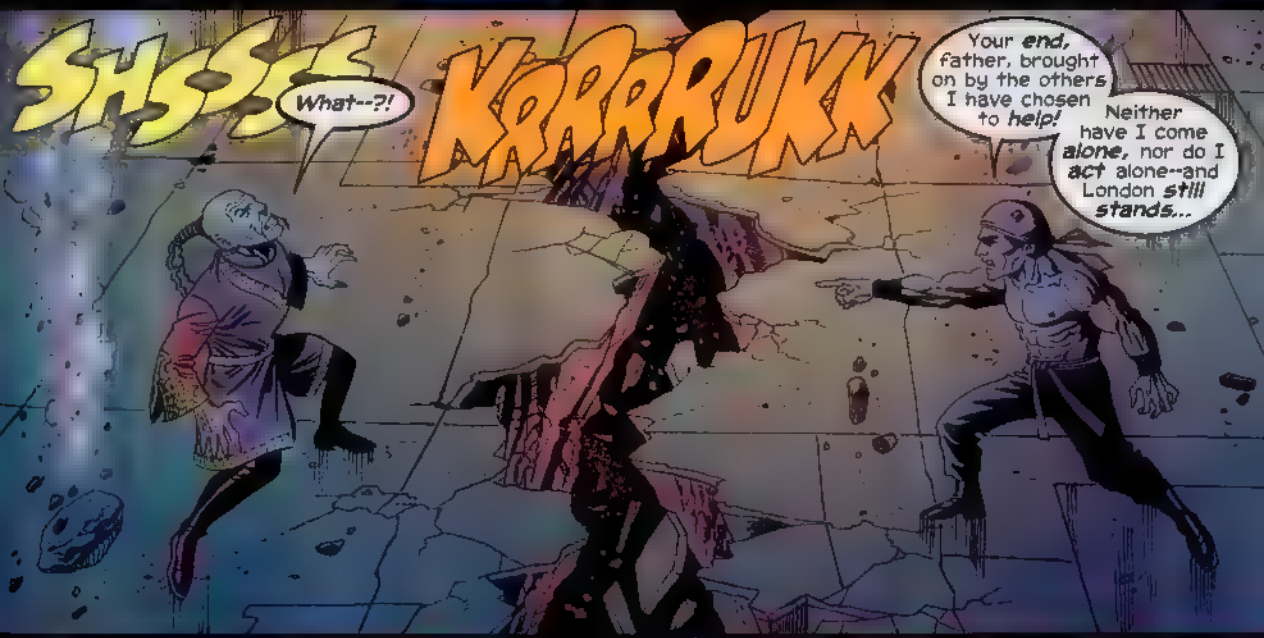
Not only have
you *rejected* my
new world order, refused
to serve as my instrument
in shaping it, but you have
chosen instead to *oppose*
me--to rid the world
of my "evil."



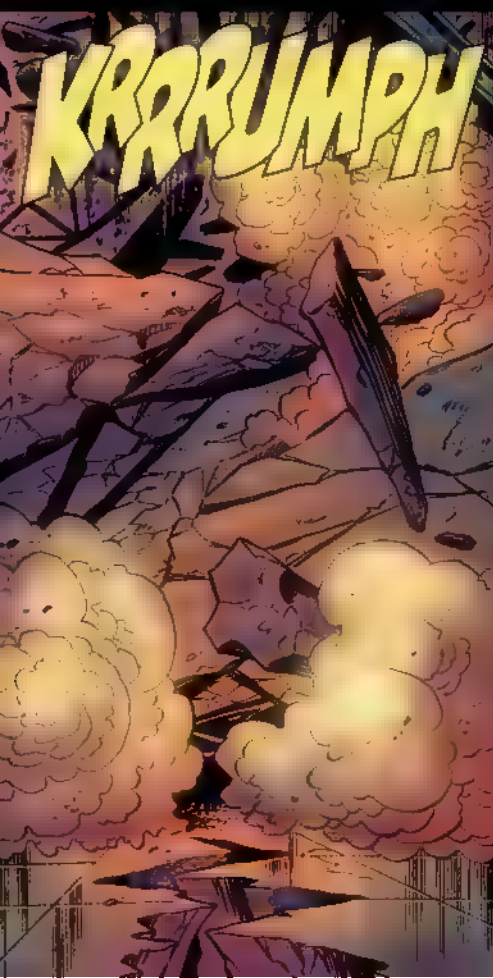
What *now*,
failed assassin, will
you *do* about
it?



Kill
me?



...While you
join your *other*
son--my murdered
brother--to *fall*
in failure.





The next day, they take me home.

So you're really hell-bent on stayin' here in yer private little Shangri-La, huh?

For every moment, Black Jack Tarr, that peace permits.

Guess I can't *blame* ya--but you ever feel the urge to kick more ass, I'm the one hirin' at MI-6 now. Any job you want, Chinaman, it's *yours*.

Black Jack, don't call me "Chinaman."

Aw, come *off* it... I know you don't like the *word*, but you oughtta know it don't *mean* nothin'.

Then don't *say* it.

Oh, what the bloody hell, have it *your* way!
An' don't forget to keep yer yin-yang *dry*, ya hear?

Bloody dry, Black Jack Tarr?

Exactly... *Shang-Chi*.

